

WARREN
MAGAZINE



CREEPY
*118

CREEPY

\$1.75
03000-4

JUNE 1980

**WITCHCRAFT!
DEMONS!
DEVILS!
AND MAGIC!**

**SATAN'S
MINIONS
RISE FROM
HELL!**





BUCK ROGERS GALACTIC PLAY SET

BUCK ROGERS NEW! BUCK ROGERS ADVENTURE in the 25th CENTURY

RICK ROGERS ACTION SET For the best action adventure in the 25th century this set combines 1 space dome, 8 space buildings, 3 Thunder fighters, 2 Helicopter fighter craft, 8 movie cast figures, 10 spacemen, 16 space creatures, a difference and anti-gravity shield. Rick Rogers set. \$100.00 S.

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REVIEW The very first and most interesting of all disc spaces, *Parasite Plus* revealed itself via the log screen and solo cut numbers on TV as far back as 1980! Now it is the steady blooper reel of the year, an exciting new disc space that has a length of 15:16 and has a speed of 71:1. Color indicated in authentic orange plastic with transparent wavelength. Highly detailed content.

BUCK ROGERS FIGHTER - At the
end of the 9-pg. Report, mostly unbroken
from penultimate or final sleep, the mess from
the household laundry must confront a violent
week of de-irritantatory irrigation. Buck
Rogers was aware the story on his own super capsule
wasn't altogether. Nested in regular and real paper
on Buck's desk, with sympathetic details, the
whole thing, having detailed cockpit and a very sturdy
support base for display! #245684A.48

NEW BUCK ROGERS PRE-ASSEMBLED MODEL KITS



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STAR FIGHTER



DRACONIAN MARAUDE

DRAGONIAN MAYAUPPER & STAR FIGHTER

The *Swansons* Marauders, at right, in the lead meant tighter the seasonal bird checklist. They've hatched a scheme to change the average and the focus in April that's steady and arithmetic. In the last field day and half since this meeting goes, a tagged swainson at the 2½-mile Rock Ridge activity spot has been sighted in much the same place. The bird had been seen earlier this month, but it had disappeared with the rest of the tagged swainsons and a few "Rock Ridge" birds gone. You can skip a "Rock Ridge" birding session this year if you want off the beaten path.

BUCK ROGERS ACTION FIGURES-FULLY COSTUMED



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the Brandon Bus
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Managing Editor
CREUB ADAMES

Art Production Director
W. R. MOHALLÉY

Production
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Соки
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WRITTEN BY
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MARC LAIDLAW
BOB TOLMEY
LEN WEIN

Actores
JOAQUÍN BLASQUEZ
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CREEPY

JUNE 1990

NUMBER 11B



DEAR UNCLE CREEPY 4

Vociferous reactions have been flooding in over Terrance Lindall's Incredible painting for the cover of CREEPY #118! Our fans let us know what's what when they sound off on page 41.



EPITAPH

They were in love; madly completely and specially in love. But somehow the seed of doubt was sown and it blossomed into a torment of jealousy and death which he would pay for in hell.



MOMMA'S BOY

She was growing old fast and she didn't know why. She knew her mother-in-law hated her, there was something strange about old Doc Jessup and she didn't like the tea's taste.



BINDERWOOD'S WILDFLOWERS

The Binder-wood curse is nearing its culmination. Mrs. Binder-wood has been in a coma for months and is suddenly and mysteriously pregnant. This will be no ordinary birth . . . it will be death!



ELIMINATION

Out of the hordes of souls in hell you have just three questions to figure out who your mother and father are! It is more than a process of elimination ... your life is at stake!

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Dear Uncle Creepy



CREEPY #118 started off with a pointless and rather disgusting cover by Terrance Lindall. Fortunately the issue's contents were somewhat superior to this rather omnous portent.

"Endangered Species" was both strongly appealing and enjoyable. The theme of man's carelessness and violation of other species was relevant and timely.

I'm surprised that the stories "Graduation Day" and "The Greatest Editor Alive" were printed in the same issue. They had similar themes with human beings being deceived by illusions perpetrated by aliens.

"Day of the Locust" by Masanobu Sato and Jordan Black was another one of those stories that are nicely illustrated and smoothly written. But like so many stream-of-consciousness tales, it seemed to have little point to it.

Finally, I thought that "The Highway" was an acceptable story, although a little heavy-handed and preachy at times. But the theme, with mankind allowing his own inventions to dominate him, although not unique, was enthralling.

T.M. MAPLE
Toronto, Canada

I've just started reading CREEPY and have discovered that it is a very good magazine. The cover by Terrance Lindall on issue #118 was incredible. And the publication's art as a whole was fabulous. All of the stories, too, were excellent, but "Day of the Locust" was my particular favorite.

JAMES GILLROY
Hackensack, N.J.

For years I have been waiting for it! I've been patient up until now, but I've just about reached the breaking point. I can't remain silent any longer!

What is this fantastic thing I've been waiting for? A good old fashioned bone-chilling CREEPY story illustrated by the fantastic Richard Corben.

When Warren and Corben first got together he illustrated mostly horror stories. But he hasn't drawn one in years. Nobody can do horror the way Corben can. Won't you please get him back?

RICHARD MATCHAM
Indio, Cal.

We'd love to, Richard. But Corben is so busy with other commitments that it's doubtful he'll be able to draw any new comic stories for quite some time.

Terrance Lindall's cover on CREEPY #118 was the creepiest cover ever printed in all one hundred and sixteen issues of CREEPY! How disgusting! How wonderful! It was a first class piece of art with masterful style and technique, with depth and breadth of vision.

JOHN ELLINGER
Fort Worth, Tex.

CREEPY #115 was a typical Warren magazine with some good stories and some bad stories. It started out with a truly excellent but uncredited cover that looked like an Enrich oil painting.

"Gabriel's Horn" was an okay story, but Leo Duranona's art looked a little rushed. Is he getting burnt out?

I thought that the "Last Labor of Hercules" script by Budd Lewis was bad, but the art was even worse. Is A2-120 a computer? He might as well have been because that was the kind of unemotional art it was. No more of this pap please!

"Cyrano," by your new artist Mike Saenz, suffered from a totally ridiculous script by Bob Toomey. It is amazing how many Corben imitators there are in the world today. None of them good.

The next two stories were the highlights of the issue: "Raped Fire Angel," by Gerry Boudreau and Abel Laxamana, had fine art and a story reminiscent of the good old days at CREEPY. "Et Tu Brutus," by Nicola Cuti, Val Mayerik and Rudy Nehres, was another whimsically amusing story with a good twist ending.

"War Children," by Gerry Boudreau and Val Mayerik, was so god awful it deserves no further comment!

So there you have it! Two good stories, two bad stories and two half okay stories.

One more thing, I assume that this is the holiday issue of CREEPY, and if it is, it is a big disappointment! I can remember when the holiday issues were something to look forward to. Now it is just another mediocre issue of CREEPY.

ALAN NORDMARK
Dallas, Pa.

Dear Uncle Creepy

CO
Warren Publishing Co.
145 East 32nd Street
New York, N.Y. 10018

The Cover of CREEPY #115 by Enrich really caught my eye on the newsstand.

The stories within the issue were also quite decent. In "Gabriel's Horn" I found the usually detestable artwork of Leo Duranona balanced by a superb script from Roger McKenzie. It was such a good story of vengeance that it gave me the chills!

"Last Labor of Hercules" looked and sounded a lot like something from Star Wars. No offense intended, because whoever A2-120 is, he did a phenomenal job on the art. Don't ever let him go!

"Cyrano" by Bob Toomey and Mike Saenz was an all right story but it would have been beautiful in color! Saenz is a talented artist.

"Raped Fire Angel" was weird, but not nearly as weird as "Et Tu Brutus!" A grant pg? Now don't get me wrong, I liked the story, but it was almost as crazy as the grant turtle tale in CREEPY #110.

MICHAEL WISE
Boonton, N.J.

As a long-time reader of CREEPY magazine, I feel it's time to voice my opinion. The quality of CREEPY has been declining rapidly. This has been happening since issue #17, but it has been most apparent since issue #100.

No longer does CREEPY employ the finest artists. Certainly the quality of writing has improved, but the stories themselves has declined. Outside of an occasional story by Archie Goodwin and Bruce Jones the stories aren't even worth reading.

The aspect that is the most troublesome, however, continues to be the artwork, which has shown the most steadily visible decline. No longer is every issue filled with the work of "The World's Greatest Comic Artists." Now there is one good illustrator in every issue or possibly two in an occasional special issue. The artists that Warren now employs are the same ones who worked for competitors only a year or so ago. And we don't see those magazines around anymore, do we?

CREEPY has even fallen to the point where every third issue is a reprint. And I thought that reprinting went out with issue #30. Going back to press with old materials is just another way to raise in more money and cheat old and loyal readers.

In the light of all this it seems hard to justify the ever-increasing price of CREEPY magazine.

JAMES LEGAIRE
North Hollywood, Cal.

NURSERY SCHOOL

GOOD MORNING, CHILDREN,
GOOD MORNING, IT'S ANOTHER
BEAUTIFUL DAY IN THE CITY.
THE SKY IS CLEAR AND...
ZEEEEEZ... IT'S ANOTHER...
ZEEEEEZ... GOOD MORNING,
CHILDREN! GOOD MORNING!
IT'S ANOTHER BEAUTIFUL...
ZEEEEEZ!



THIS MESSAGE IS BEING
BROUGHT TO YOU BY... ZEEEEEZ
ZEEEEEZ... ANOTHER BEAUTIFUL...
ZEEEEEZ... PLEASE STAND BY,
WE ARE EXPERIENCING...
ZEEEEEZ... ANOTHER BEAUTIFUL...
ZEEEEEZ!

MOMMY SPEAKING.
BLESS YOU, MY
CHILDREN. DADDY IS
FEELING OUT OF SORTS,
BUT DON'T YOU WORRY,
MOMMY WILL TAKE
CARE OF YOU. EVERY-
THING'S JUST FINE.
MOMMY LOVES YOU.



TODAY'S TARGET... ZZZZZ
RIVAL SECTOR... ZZZZZ
KILL GLUTTA... ZZZZZ...
PRIMARY OBJECTIVES...
ZZZZZZ!

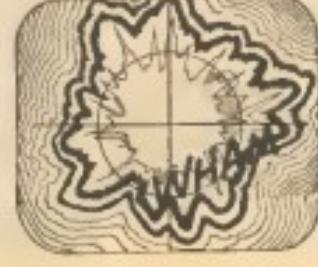
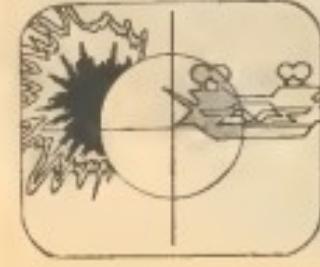
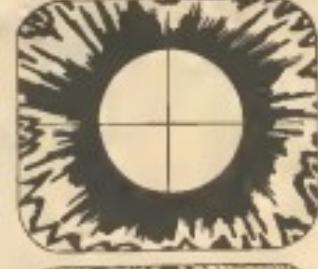
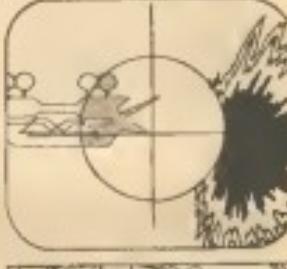
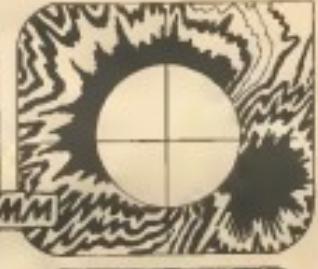
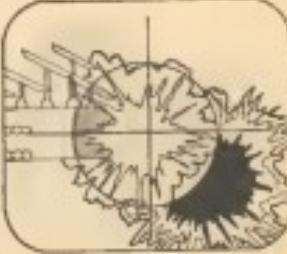
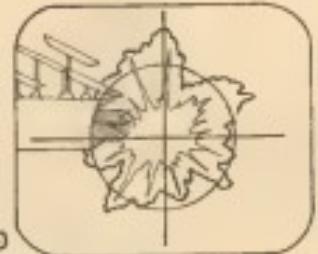
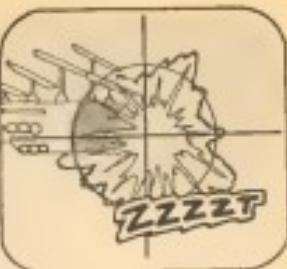
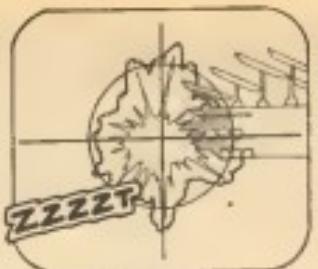
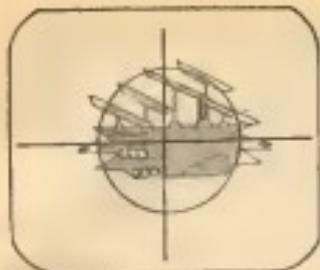
HUSH, DADDY.
MOMMY WILL EXPLAIN.
WE'RE GOING TO HAVE
SOME FUN TODAY.

ALL MY
LITTLE BOYS AND
GIRLS SHOULD CHECK
THEIR MONITOR SCREENS
AND LINE UP THEIR SIGHTS
ON THE BAD GUYS.

OH... TERRIFIC!
NOW ARM YOUR
WEAPONS. ARE THEY
ARMED? SWELL! BUT
DON'T FIRE. NOT YET.
WAIT FOR DADDY.

NOW... ZZZZZ... KILL KILL
KILL ZZZZZ... KILL...!
ZZZZZ... DO IT... ZZZZ...
NOW, ZZZZ... KILL KILL
KILL... ZZZZZ!

ZZZZZ



WASN'T THAT FUN? AND MOMMY'S SO PROUD OF YOU. WE SURE SHOWED THOSE NASTY BAD GUYS. WE'RE THE BEST.

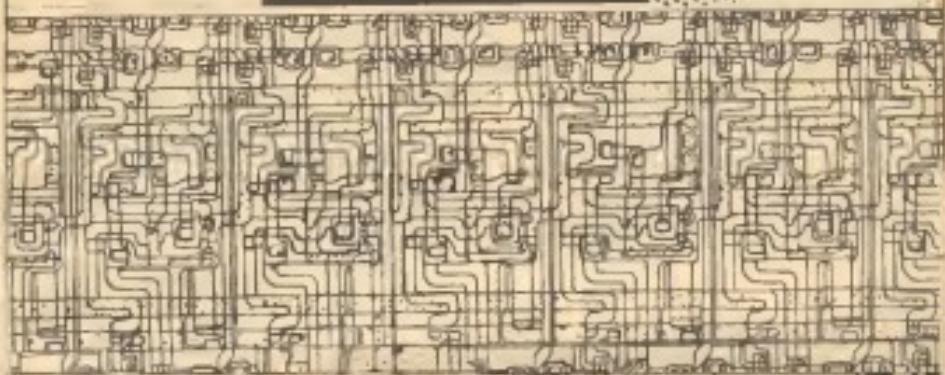
NOW I WANT YOU ALL TO PAY CAREFUL ATTENTION TO DADDY.

WE HAVE HWON... ZZZZ... WE HAVE... ZZZZ... HWON A GREAT... ZZZZ... WE HAVE HWON A... ZZZZ!

GOOD MORNING... ZZZZZ... IT'S ANOTHER BEAUTIFUL... ZZZZ... PLEASE STAND BY... ZZZZZ... IT'S ANOTHER... ZZZZ... TECHNICAL DIFFICULTIES... ZZZZZZZ

THANKS, DADDY.
WELL, KIDS... I GUESS
YOU'RE ALL PRETTY
TUCKERED OUT. SO
MOMMY WANTS YOU ALL
TO GO BACK TO THE NURSERY
AND TAKE A NAP.

YOUR MOMMY LOVES YOU
EVERYTHING'S JUST FINE
YOUR DADDY LOVES YOU
EVERYTHING'S JUST FINE
YOUR MOMMY LOVES YOU
EVERYTHING'S JUST FINE
YOUR DADDY LOVES YOU
EVERYTHING'S JUST FINE



LOOK AT THAT!
LITTLE LINDA JUST ZAPPED
A BAD GUY! LET'S HEAR
IT FOR LINDA!

ZZAP

ZZZET

WHOOPS...
THERE GOES LINDA!
SHE ZZAPPED WHEN
SHE SHOULD HAVE
ZAZZLED! BOOBYE,
LINDA. MOMMY
LOVES YOU.

LINDA'S MISTAKE
SHOULD BE A
LESSON TO EVERY-
ONE SHE WAS OVER-
CONFIDENT? DID EVERY
ONE SEE WHAT HAPPENED TO
LINDA? HERE IT IS AGAIN ON
INSTANT REPLAY, THAT
WAS LINDA. SHE WENT
BOOM! DON'T LET THAT
HAPPEN TO YOU.

WABLAMM

KA'BOOM

OK, KIDS.
MOMMY WANTS
YOU ALL TO KILL!
RIGHT, KIDS? KILL
THE BAD GUYS! BLOW
THEM AWAY, BOYS
AND GIRLS.

BLAM

ZZZZT

DO IT FOR
MOMMY. WE'RE
THE BEST. MOMMY
LOVES YOU. AXE &
THE BAD GUYS.

HEY, CAN YOU HEAR ME IN THERE? I'M ON THE ROOF. SLOW DOWN A MINUTE. CHRIST! DON'T SPEED UP LIKE THAT.

YOU BLASTED MY CAR WHILE SHOOTING. FORTUNATELY I MANAGED TO EJECT. IT REALLY SHOOSH ME UP.

I'M FROM SECTOR FIVE. MY NAME'S JENNY. WHAT'S YOUR NAME? CAN YOU HEAR ME?



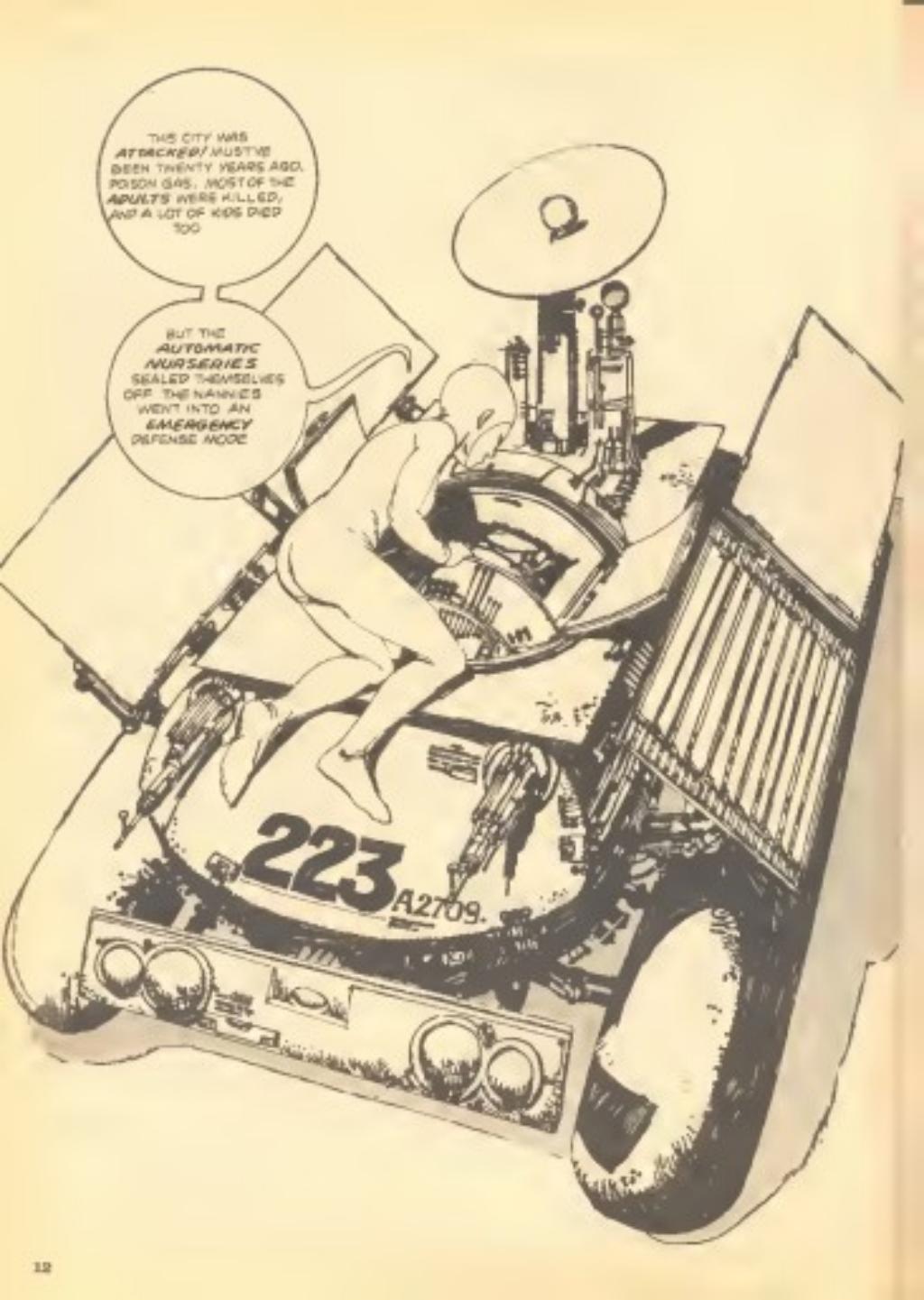
GO AWAY. YOU'RE A BAD GUY. SECTOR FIVE IS AWESOME. MOMMY SAYS SO.



MOMMY'S FULL OF CRAP, HUH... I SLOW DOWN? I WON'T HURT YOU! LOOK... MOMMY DOESN'T EXIST. SHE'S A MACHINE!

YOUR MOMMY AND DADDY ARE BOTH MACHINES. I SWEAR TO GOD IT'S THE TRUTH!

THEY WERE PROGRAMMED AS MUSCLEMADS' MECHANICAL KANNIBALS. THEN SOMETHING HAPPENED. A SYSTEMS FAILURE! DO YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT I'M SAYING?



THIS CITY WAS
ATTACKED! MUST've
BEEN TWENTY YEARS AGO.
POISON GAS. MOST OF THE
ADULTS WERE KILLED,
AND A LOT OF KIDS DIED
TOO.

BUT THE
AUTOMATIC
NURSERIES
SEALED THEMSELVES
OFF. THE NANNIES
WENT INTO AN
EMERGENCY
DEFENSE MODE

223

A2709

THIS IS WOMAN
CALLING PETER. IS
SOMETHING WRONG?
WHY DON'T YOU
ANSWER ME?

THERE'S NO ONE
LIVING IN THIS CITY
NOW, EXCEPT FOR YOU
BABIES WHO SURVIVED
THE GAS ATTACK...ONLY
YOU'RE NOT BABIES
ANMORE!

OPEN THE
HATCH LET ME
IN, AND WE'LL
RAIL. COME ON.
LET ME IN.
THAT'S THE
WAY.



YOUR NANNIES WERE PROGRAMMED TO BE PROTECTIVE. WHEN THEY WENT INTO THE EMERGENCY DEFENSE MODE, THEY CARRIED THEIR PROTECTIVENESS TO THE LOGICAL EXTREME. THEY OVERRODE ALL THE OTHER MUNICIPAL COMPUTERS, SEALED OFF THE WHOLE CITY AND TAUGHT YOU HOW TO DEFEND YOURSELVES AGAINST--!

LISTEN, PETER, I KNOW YOU'RE OUT THERE.
MOMMY LOVED YOU. LISTEN TO
MOMMY HELLO, PETER, ARE YOU ALL
RIGHT?

WE HAVE WOM
ZEEEEE... ANOTHER
BEAUTIFUL ZEEEEE
PLEASE STAND BY...
ZEEEEE

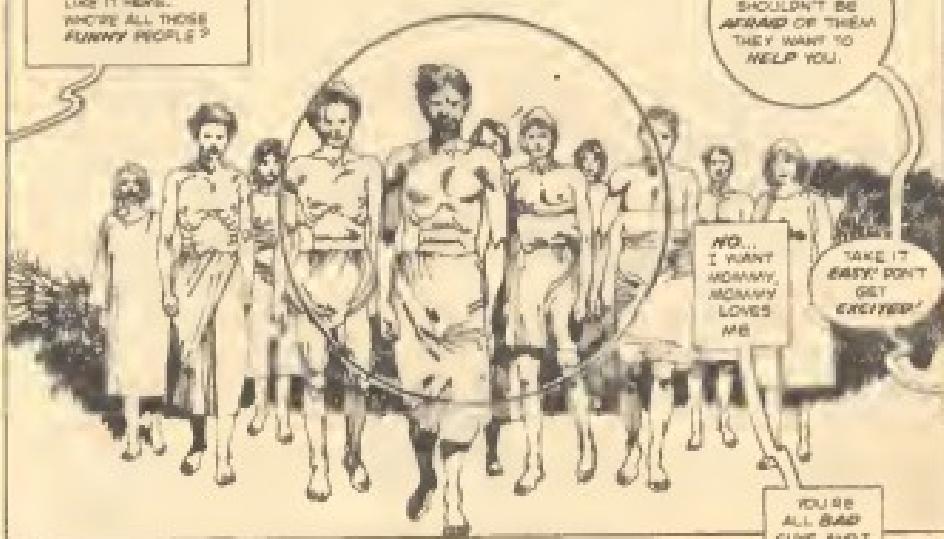






GEE JESSEY... I'M
SCARED! I DONT
LIKE IT HERE!
WHERE ALL THOSE
JESSEY PEOPLE?

THEY'RE YOUR
FRIENDS. YOU
SHOULDN'T BE
AFRAID OF THEM.
THEY WANT TO
HELP YOU.



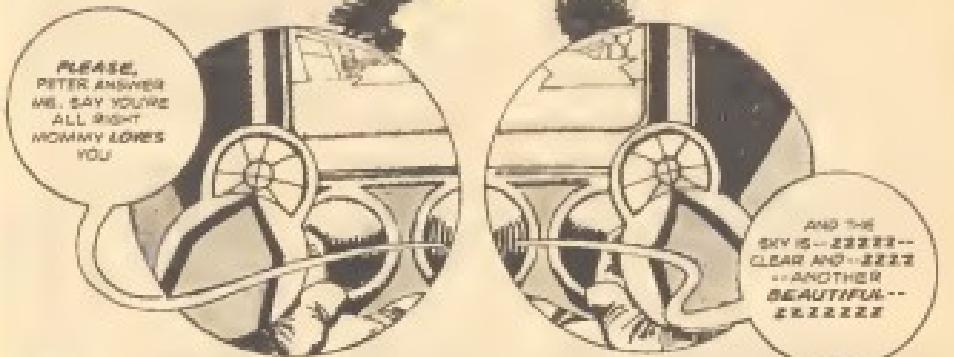
YOU'RE
ALL BAD
GUYS. AND I
HATE
YOU!

RAT-TA-TA-TA-TA-TA-TA

OH MY
GOD! WHAT'S
YOU DOING?
STOP IT! OH
CHRIST, YOU'RE
KILLING
THEM!

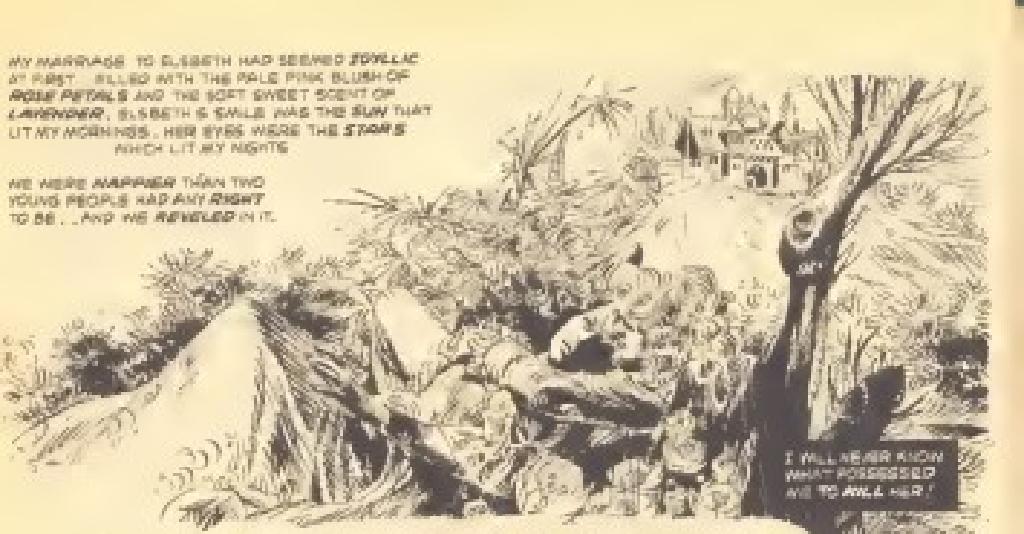






MY MARRIAGE TO ELISABETH HAD SEEMED SOVLLAC
AT FIRST... FILLED WITH THE PALE PINK BLUSH OF
ROSE PETALS AND THE SOFT SWEET SCENT OF
LAVENDER. ELISABETH'S SMILE WAS THE SUN THAT
LT MY MORNING. HER EYES WERE THE STARS
WHICH LIT MY NIGHTS.

WE WERE HAPPIER THAN TWO
YOUNG PEOPLE HAD ANY RIGHT
TO BE... AND WE REVERED IN IT.



I WILL NEVER KNOW
WHAT POSSESSED
ME TO KILL HER!

EPITAPH



NO, THAT NIGHT I KNEW. IT WAS MY JEALOUSY THAT POSSESSED ME... AN
EGLD, UNREASONING JEALOUSY! I KNEW I WAS NOT THE FIRST MAN
TO TASTE ELISABETH'S RIVALS, HER GENTLE CARPESSES, HER SHREW-
ISH FROWNS...

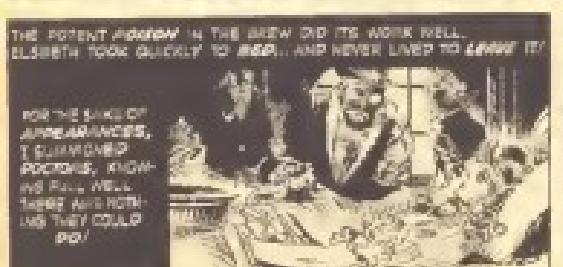
...AND I FEARED I WOULD NEITHER BE THE LAST!



ELISABETH HAD TAKEN TO SKATING OUT
LATE IN THE EVENING... IT WAS
CHURCH WORK SHE TOLD ME... BUT
I KNEW BETTER!



WHICH SHE RETURNED HOME THAT NIGHT
I WAS WAITING FOR HER... AND I PRE-
PARED HER A MOST SPECIAL CUP OF TEA-



THE POTENT ADDICTIVE IN THE TEA DID ITS WORK WELL.
ELISABETH TOOK QUICKLY TO IT... AND NEVER LIVED TO LEAVE IT.



NOR THE SAKE OF
APPEARANCES,
I EXAMINED
POOTERS, KNOW-
ING FULL WELL
THAT ANTI-NOTH-
ING THEY COULD
DO!

AND WHEN THE
END AT LAST
CAME, I SWAYED
AT ELISABETH
SHAGGY, KNOWING
SHE WAS PAYING
THE PRICE OF HER
INFIDELITY.
BUT ELISABETH
MERELY TOUCHED
MY CHEEK TENDERLY
AND WITH HER LAST BREATH
MURMURED, "I
LOVE YOU."

I REMOVED FROM HER TOUCH AS IF
BURNED! IT WAS A DAY! IT WASN'T ME
THAT I WAS MURDERED MY MURDERER,
NOTHER LOVER...

NO, I HAD TAKEN
RELATION WITH HER,
LOVER... FOREVER!

AS SOON AS THE
DOCTOR WHO CAME
TO SIGN THE PAPER
CERTIFYING THAT
HE HAD COMPLETED HIS
BUSINESS, I
DESCRIBED HIM
FROM MY ANGLE;
HIS PRESENCE
HAD GREATLY
DISTURBED ME!

BUT IT WAS
THE VISIT OF
A STINKY OLD
PIMP WHICH
COMPLETELY
UNHAPPIFIED
ME!

"ELISABETH IS NO
LONGER SILENT
TO PRAY ABOUT,"
HE TOLD ME,
HOPING TO EASE
MY GRIEF. "THE
DEAD TAKE CARE
OF THEIR OWN!"

PREPARING FOR THE FUNERAL WAS BY FAR THE HARDEST PART
OF IT ALL... SITTING ALONE IN THAT BIG, HOLLOW HOUSE, THE
FOUNDING OF THE NAILS BEING HAMMERED INTO HER COFFIN
ABOUNDING LIKE THE FOUNDING OF MY ENGLISHED REAHTY?

SWEET BOB, I HAD LOVED ELISABETH SO! BUT HAD SHE NOT
LOVED ME?"

AND I KNEW THEM, GOD HELP ME, I HAD
MURDERED AN INNOCENT... AND, MY SOUL
SCREAMING, I FEED FROM THE SCENE OF
NO CRIME!

BUT I HAD MURKED-- DRAB BOB, SO MURKY!
ELISABETH AND LOVED ME! AT THE FUNERAL, I
STOOD WATCHING, WAITING FOR HER GRIM-
STRICKED ARRIVED TO PRESENT HERSELF-- SO
I COULD PLAINT MY TAWDRY IN HIS FACE!

BUT NO LOVER
EVER CAME-- ONLY
A HANDFUL OF DODDISH
FOLK WOMEN, WHO
HAD WORKED WITH
ELISABETH FOR THE
CHURCH!



CRIME



CRIME

BLIND, SALT TEARS
STINGING MY EYES, I RAN,
SEEN HIS EMBRACE? I
DID NOT DESERVE... AND
SOMEHOW FOUND MYSELF
BACK AT MY HOUSE...

BACK AT THAT WAST, COLD,
EMPTY EDIFICE WHICH
ONCE HAD BEEN A HOME!



"DVTY! I HAD TO GET OUT OF
THERE... OR GO HOPELESSLY
MAD!"



I COULD HAVE MADE NO GREATER
MISTAKE, FOR I FOUND NO
SOLACE THERE, ONLY BITTER
HAUNTING REMINISCENCES!

WHEREVER I TURNED, SHOES
OF ELSBETH RESOUNDED
AROUND ME...

...THE SCENT OF HER PER-
FUME, THE CURL OF HER
HAIR, THE SWEEP OF HER
SPANGLED SATIN GOWN
AS SHE CAME BILLOWING
DOWN THE STAIR ON A
WARM SATURDAY NIGHT!

ELSBETH... DEAR, SWEET,
INNOCENT ELSBETH...



THE SILT-FRAMED
HAWK IN THE PARLOR
WOULD HOLD HER
SHINING IMAGE FOREVER
NOW...

HER BLUE EYES WIDE
AND LONGING, HER LIPS
SO MOIST AND ANXIETY'

SNATCHING UP MY ART AND CANE, I PUSHED FROM
THAT DARK, OPPRESSIVE, HOUSE OF HORRORS OUT
INTO THE STREETS... WHERE MY AIRLESS WANDERING
BROUGHT ME AT LAST TO THE EDGES OF TOWN... AND
THE LONELY CEMETERY JUST BEYOND...



...THE CEMETERY WHERE MY
LOVELY, LOST ELSBETH NOW LAY
IN ETERNAL PEACE!

MY SHUFFLING FEET FOUND THEIR WAY TO ELISABETH'S GRAVEYARD OF
THEIR OWN ACCORD... AND I KNEEL THERE, MY TREMBLING FINGERS
ASSIDUOUSLY TRACING THE INSCRIPTION ON ELISABETH'S HEADSTONE.

AND I CRIED THEM, AND I
BESOUGHT HER TO FORGIVE ME...



AT LAST, MY TEARS STOPPED FLOWING, AND I ROSE TO MY FEET,
BRUSHING THE FRESHLY-TURNED EARTH OF ELISABETH'S GRAVE
FROM MY PHESES.

...BUT THE CHILL WHICH NOW LINGERS
WAS MY ONLY REPAIR!



FOR A TIME, I STANCHED MY TEARS, UNCERTAIN OF WHAT
RIGHT TO DO, WHERE NEXT TO
GO.

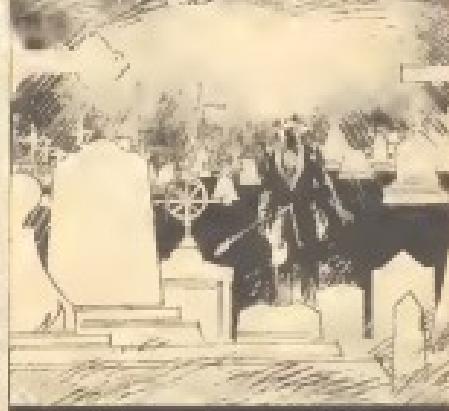
...BUT THE CHILL WHICH NOW LINGERS
WAS MY ONLY REPAIR!



I COULD NOT LEAVE HERE... NOT UNTIL
ELISABETH HAD FORGIVEN ME.



AND THERE CLUNG A PITIFUL MEMORY TELLING PAST
ANGSTFULLY?

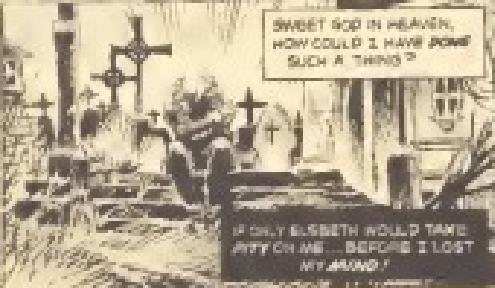


CLIMBING DOWN FROM MY AWKWARD PERCH, I MADE
MY WAY BACK THROUGH THE TWISTING AMBLES OF
CRACKED AND WIND-WORN TOMESTONES... TOWARDS
ELISABETH'S WAITING GRAVE.

FOR A MOMENT I
COULD NOT SEE
TO JUDGE IT, AND
DESPERATELY!

HOW MANY STRANGER
POOR SOULS HAD
DARKENED MY
ELBRET'S PATH,
I WANDERED,
SENT TO THEIR
JUDGMENT BY
SUSPICIOUS,
FATHLESS PEOPLE
SUCH AS I?

ALL ABOUT ME, THE CEMETERY
SEEMED TO ASK MY UNPOSED
QUESTIONS. THE CRUEL BREEZE
CURLING BEHIND THE HEADSTONES
BEGAN TO LAUGH AT ME AGAIN.
WHILE THE DRY GRASS WHISTLED
SOFTLY WHISPERED MY NAME!



I SAT DOWN THAT DAY
ALONE TOMB FOR GOD
KNOWS HOW LONG
HUGGING MY ARMS
ACROSS MY CHEST IN
ROSES OF SORROW
MY UNCONTROLLABLE
TEARFULNESS, BUT I
WILDERLY SURVIVED
ALL THE AGONY!

IT MUST HAVE BEEN
NOT LONG AFTER
MY MOURNING WHEN I
FIRST HEARD THE
BONANZA!



I COCKED MY HEAD IN DERRIDA'S
AND HEADED IT AGAINST...

THE UNFISTABLE, EDGARIAN
OF STONE (SCRAPING RELUCTANTLY
AGAINST JEONG)!



FOR A MOMENT, THE
MONSTROUS SWUNG
UNSTEADILY ON ITS FEET,
THEN ITS HOLLOW EYES
LOCKED ON ME...



...AND IT CRIED A
SICK UNHOLY SIGH.

AND I STOOD IN MUTE HORROR
AS THE LID OF THE CRYPT
RAISED AS I WAS RUDELY PUNCHED
AWAY...

...AND TWO THUGS, BEATING
MEANLY WERE THRUST UP IN
TO THE LIGHT!



STILL GRIMMING OBSCENELY, THE CARRIER KNEW
BEFORE ITS OWN TOMBSTONE... AND SNATCHING
UP A NEARBY ROCK, PROCEEDED TO BRAINWASH
ITS LONG-FORGOTTEN NAME...



...UNTIL THE FACE OF THE MARKER
WAS ENDOUGHED MORE!

THEN SLOWLY, WITH AN INHUMANE SWELL COLLARED
BY UNTOLD YEARS OF MARSHALITE, THE ROTTING
COPSE WITHIN THE CRYPT ROSE TO REVEAL THE
ANGST!



ONCE MORE, THE GROWLING GRINDER
AT ME AS I STOOD ROOTED TO THE SPOT,
UNABLE TO MOVE, ALL BUT UNABLE TO
BREATHE!



THEN, DELIBERATELY, MOST PRE-
EMLY, IT DROVE TO INSIDE A NEW
NAME... THE SOUND OF BLANCHED
BONES CRASHING AGAINST GRANITE
TURNING MY SPINE TO ACID!

WHEN I SAW WHAT
THE CORPSE HAD
WRITTEN, I WAS
CONSUMED BY AN
OVERWHELMING
PAVLOV...

...FEAR WHICH
GREW FAR
GREATER STILL
WHEN I DIS-
COVERED THE
CEMETERY'S
OTHER OCCUPANTS
HAD ALSO RISEN
FROM THEIR
GRAVES...

...AND WERE NOW
ABSORBED WITH
ADMIRING THEIR
TIMEWORN
BERTAPES!



WHEN THEIR CRUEL WORK WAS DONE, THEY ALL TURNED
LANKLY TO ME, AN UNHOLY MINISTER MURDERED IN
THEIR EYES...

...AND THEN, SHAKING OBSCENELY, STARTED TOWARDS ME!



WITH A STRENGTH BEYOND
RESPIRATION, I CAST THE
CORPSES ASIDE AND PLUNGED
INTO HELLISH COMPANY!

DYING MY PRECIOUS
ELISBETH COULD HELP
ME NOW!

WHEN I REACHED HER GRAVE, ELISBETH WAS
WAITING FOR ME. HER ARMS OUTSTRETCHED
TO ENFOLD ME... BUT WITH NO WORD
OF FORGIVENESS ON HER PALCHED AND
FLAKING LIPS!

THE NAME ON HER HEADSTONE WAS
CAUTIALLY SCRATCHED OUT... AND I AM
STRAIGHT SCRUMMLED BENEATH IT!



HOWLING LIKE A
CREATURE CONDEMNED
TO HELL, I THREW
MYSELF UPON THE
OVERTHROWN STONE
AT THE FOOT OF
ELISBETH'S GRAVE...

...AND IT WAS THERE
TAKE THEY FOUND ME
THE FOLLOWING MORNING,
MY HAIR STARK
WHITE, MY EYES WIDE
AND STARING... HOPE-
LESSLY, IRREVOCABLY
AWAKE!

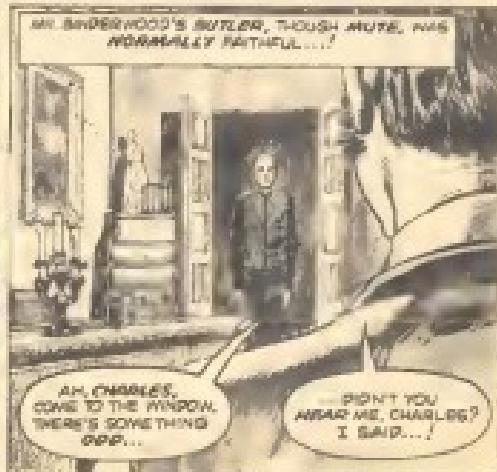
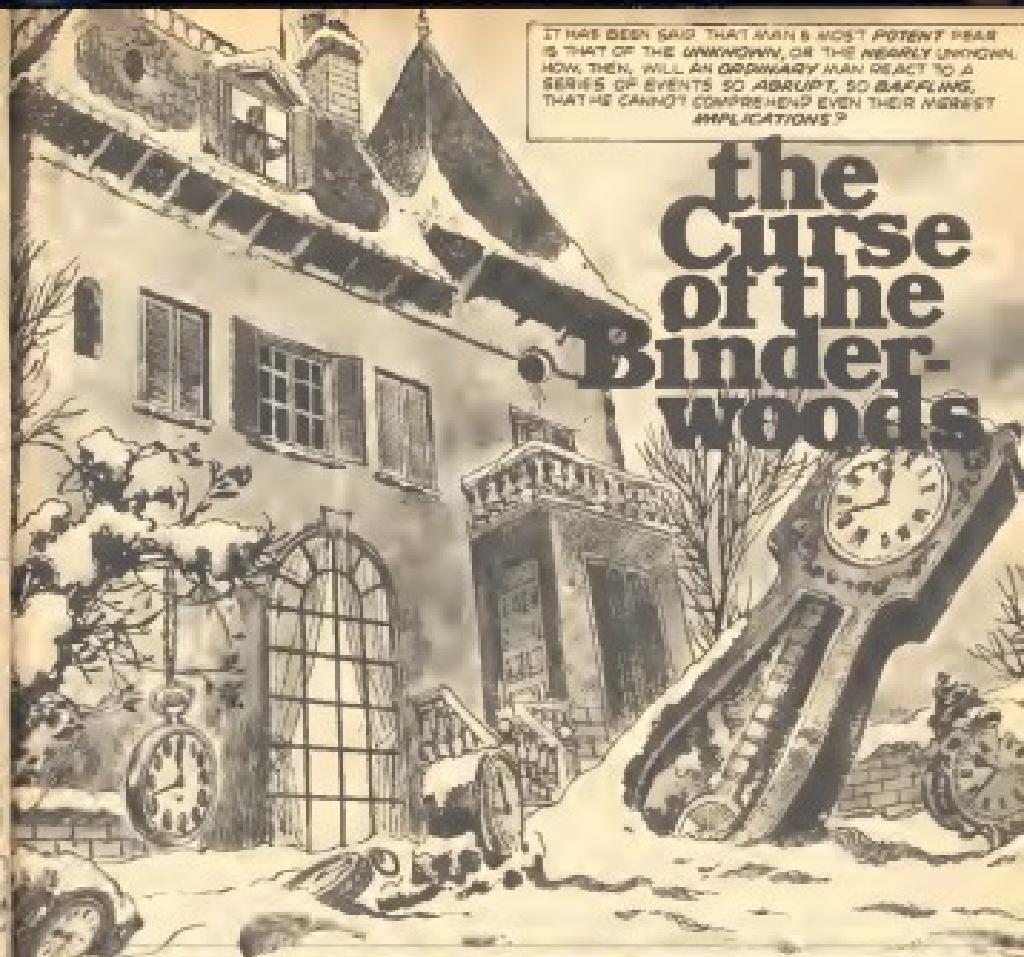
"THE DEAD TAKE CARE
OF THEIR OWN," THE
KINDLY OLD PRIEST HAD
TOLD ME... AND I KNEW
HOW IT WAS TRUE!
FOR THE NAME NOW
INSCRIBED UPON EVERY
WATERS GRAVE IN
THAT SWISS CEMETERY...



...SWEET GOD... THAT
NAME WAS... MINE!!

IT HAS BEEN SAID THAT MAN'S MOST POTENT FEAR IS THAT OF THE UNKNOWN, OR THE NEARLY UNKNOWN. HOW, THEN, WILL AN ORDINARY MAN REACT TO A SERIES OF EVENTS SO ABRUPT, SO BAFFLING, THAT HE CANNOT COMPREHEND EVEN THEIR MEREST IMPLICATIONS?

the Curse of the Binderwoods



THUS HIS ANXET ACTIONS



WHERE ARE YOU GOING? CHARLES, COME BACK!

CHARLES!

...BAFFLED MR. BAKERWOOD ENTIRELY!



I DEMAND THAT YOU STOP IMMEDIATELY! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?



MELISSA'S ROOM. WHY BRING ME HERE?

MY SISTER'S BEEN AWAKE FOR TEARS! SHE HASN'T AWAKENED HAS SHE?

IN SPITE OF MELISSA BAKERWOOD'S REMONSTRANCE, SHE HAD CHANGED
REMARKABLY SINCE THE LAST TIME MR. BAKERWOOD HAD LOOKED IN ON
HER. SHE WAS...



PREGNANT!

BUT HOW, CHARLES? WE'VE HAD NO VISITORS SINCE HER INCARCERATION!



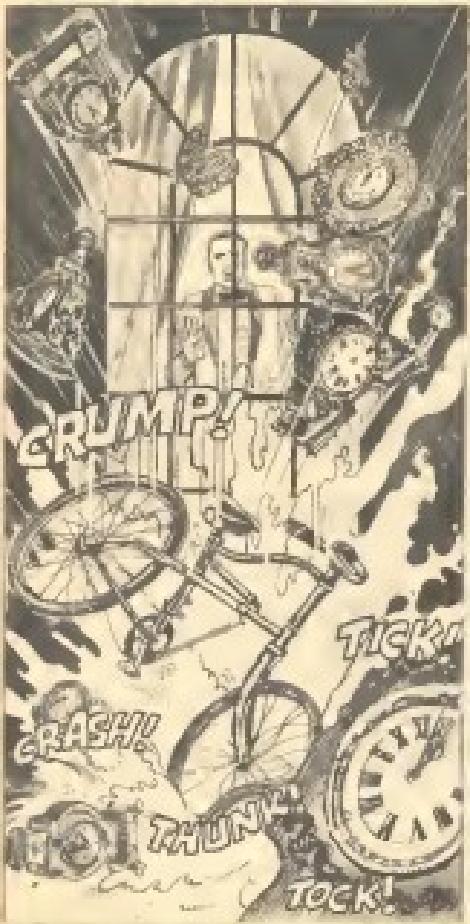
CHARLES, I... I COULDN'T HAVE BEEN YOU, I KNOW.



BUT THEN WHO? AND MORE?



JUST TRY TO FIGURE OUT JUST WHAT'S GOING ON HERE!





AND WITH THIS DECISION MADE, CHAOS FELT PERFECTLY DISLAGED
TO BREAK LOOSE!







YOU FOOL!
WHO SAID THE SPARKS
OF HELL WOULD SPRING
FROM THE WOMB OF A
LOWLY
WOMAN?

OH MY GOD...
YOU... YOU... DON'T
MEAN--!

HUH HUH HUH HUH!
YOU, MRS. BINDERWOOD...
WILL GIVE BIRTH TO THE
DEVIL CHILD!

N00000!

end

Junior Was A Momma's Boy

IDA-LEE STARED ASTONISHED AT THE LABORED FORM OF DOC JESSUP AS THE OLD MAN THRUST AT THE WARMING COALS. HE COUGHED RHEUMATICALLY AND SHUFFLED BACK TO THE TABLE AND HIS SEAT. INSIDE IDA-LEE, HE STARED INTO HIS CUP AND UNEASY MEMORIES FLARED BEFORE HIM.



THE BITTER HOT TEA SOOTHED DOWN HIS GRATEFUL THROAT, SPREADING ITS MIRACULOUS THROUGH HIS STOMACH, ACROSS HIS ENTIRE BEING. THE ROOM FOCUSED SHARPLY. THE MEMORIES FADED AGAIN, FLEETING TO HIDDEN RECESSES OF HIS MIND. HIS FRAIL FRAME HEAVED A DEEP SIGH OF RELIEF... THE FIRST SUCH SIGH IN WEEKS.



OUTSIDE IN THE DOWPOUR, THE THUNDER RUMBLED IN AGREEMENT.

WITH A HAND THAT AMAZED HIM WITH ITS STEADINESS, DOC JESSUP REACHED ACROSS THE TABLE AND GENTLY SQUEEZED IDA-LEE'S ARM. HE SMILED IN THE FADING LIGHT, REVEALING YELLOW, CIGAR-STAINED TEETH. HE FELT GOOD. HE'D DONE THE RIGHT THING.



LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY... ONE YEAR EARLIER.

IDA-LIE!
IDA-LEE!

COME WONDER A
SPELL AND MEET
AN OLD FRIEND!

IDA, LAMB, THIS HERE'S MR.
STUART REGINGTON III ALL
THE WAY FROM GEORGIA. MR.
REGINGTON HAD COME TO
LOOK OVER OUR FINE STOCK
OF KENTUCKY THOROUGH-
BREDS.

I'VE
CRAFTLY
ARRANGED
TO MAKE HIS
INSPECTION
MORE...
HEH-MEH?
INTERESTING
BY ALLOWING
YOU TO
ACCOMPANY
HIM.

I DECLARE, MR REGINGTON...
WE'VE BEEN OVER HALF THE
STOCK AND YOU HAVEN'T MADE
SO MUCH AS A COMMENT... I
DON'T YOU LIKE MY FATHER'S
FILLIES?

INDED...
ONE
FILLY IN
PARTICULAR.

I'M NOT A MAN TO MINCE
WORDS, MISS IDA... I THOUGHT
I HAD EVERYTHING IN LIFE I
WANTED UNTIL I SAW YOU
RISE UP A FEW
MINUTES AGO.

WHY, MR.
REGINGTON!

I WANT YOU,
DARLING... I MEAN
TO HAVE YOU!

STUART!
I-AH-AH!

WELL, NOW...
FIND ANYTHING
THAT CAUGHT YOUR
EYE, STUART?

DADDY, I BELIEVE
MR REGINGTON HAS
AN OFFER TO
MAKE YOU.













MY
GOD!
IS THAT A
GRAY HAIR?



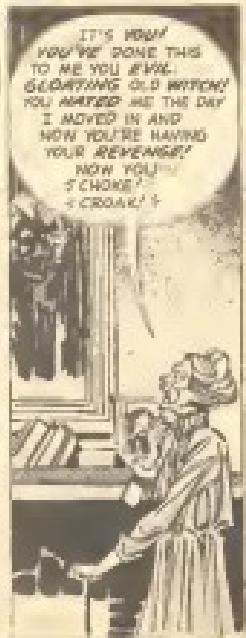
THANKS SO
MUCH, DOG.

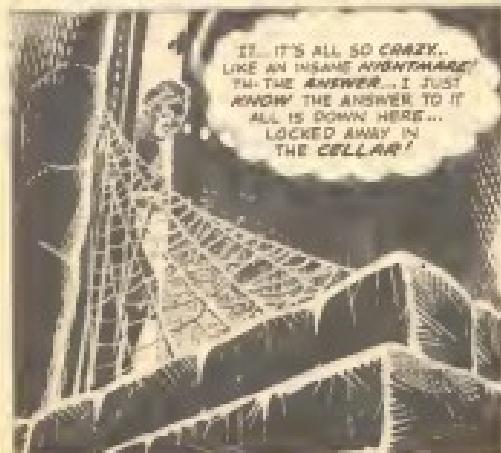


IT'S
PROBABLY
MY
GRAYING
HAIR.
HONESTLY
NO ONE
IN MY
FAMILY
WAS PRE-
MATURELY GRAY.















prologue



MOTHER?
WHAT DOES
THIS MEAN?
DAD... HE'S
NOT EVEN
IN HERE!

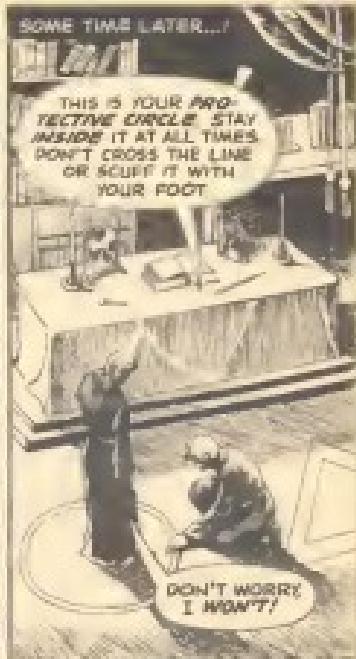
LISTEN, GILES.
TRY TO UNDERSTAND.
YOUR FATHER WAS A
BRILLIANT MAN, A SCHOLAR,
A **SORCERER**, A SPECIALIST
IN MANIPULATING
DEMONS.

BUT DEMONS
ARE TRICKY AND
HARD TO CONTROL. ONE
SLIP AND THEY HAVE
YOU. I'VE **PANICED**
THIS MOMENT
FOR YEARS.

GILES.
YOUR FATHER
IS GONE—
FOREVER.

Process of Elimination







SOME
TIME
LATER...

MAIGHT AS WELL LET YOU OUT, YOU
CAN BITE ME IF YOU LIKE. I DESERVE
A LOT WORSE THAN THAT.



MY MOTHER'S GONE AND
IT'S ALL MY FAULT. I
WAS A FOOL TO THINK
I COULD SUCCEED
WHERE MY FATHER
FAILED.



THAT'S RIGHT, TEAR IT UP.
THE WORLD IS BETTER
OFF WITHOUT IT.



WHAT'S THIS? YOU
TRYING TO FREE ME
SOMETHING FELLA?

SOON THE FRAYED YOUTH
IS CONJURING ANOTHER
SPIRIT FROM THE DEPTHS OF
HELL...

ASSAEC
HABESCUM
SPIRITUM IN ADAMAN
ET PATRI DE
SATANORUM!

WHO
PARES
SABERON
ARMENS?

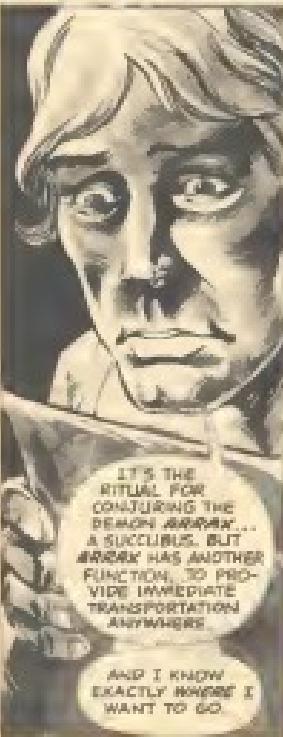
I COMMAND
YOU TO TAKE
ME TO HELL,
DEMON!

HAD HAD HAD
IT WILL BE MY
MOST PROFOUND
PLEASURE
WITNESS!

IMMEDIATELY!

IT'S THE
RITUAL FOR
CONJURING THE
DEMON JAHVAN...
A SUCUBUS. BUT
JAHVAN HAS ANOTHER
FUNCTION, TO PRO-
VIDE IMMEDIATE
TRANSPORTATION
ANYWHERE.

AND I KNOW
EXACTLY WHERE I
WANT TO GO.





TO MAKE IT EASIER,
FOR YOU, I WILL ALLOW
THREE QUESTIONS.
WHICH I WILL ANSWER
TRUE OR FALSE. I WILL
NOT ANSWER FALSELY.

THREE QUESTIONS
TO FIND YOUR
PARENTS AMONG
THESE BILLIONS
IT CAN BE DONE...
IF YOU ASK THE
RIGHT QUESTIONS.

ALL RIGHT,
I'LL PLAY.

FIRST QUESTION... WILL
KNOWLEDGE I GAINED
BEFORE COMING HERE
HELP ME SOLVE THE
PROBLEM?

AND IF
I FAIL, I
LOSE MY
SOUL.

YES.

SECOND QUESTION... WOULD I
RECOGNIZE MY PARENTS AS
THEMSELVES IN THEIR
PRESENT FORM?

NO.

THIRD QUESTION... HAVE
I HAD PRIOR DEALINGS
WITH MY PARENTS IN THEIR
PRESENT FORM?

YES.



TAKE YOUR FATHER'S ARM! I'M RETURNING YOU BOTH. YOUR ANOTHER STAYS WITH ME. WHENEVER YOU WANT HER, JUST CALL HER NAME. AND DON'T FORGET TO SPECIFY THE FORM YOU WISH HER TO TAKE! HA HA HA!

NOW BE GONE!

AND SO...

YESTERDAY I LEARNED YOUR MOTHER'S TRUE IDENTITY. I'D BEEN DELUDED BY MY HEART. SHE WAS A VERY BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.

YOU FELL IN LOVE WITH HER.

YES. BUT ONE OF HER INVOKES FINALLY SET ME STRAIGHT. WHEN I FACED HER WITH THE TRUTH, SHE MOVED AGAINST ME OPENLY. DEMONS HATE TO BE THWARTED.

SHE CAUSED ME TO BE DEVOLVED INTO A PRIMITIVE CRASS OF PRIMATE. ALL I COULD REMEMBER WAS THAT I DESPISED HER... AND HER NAME.

BUT THERE'S STILL ONE THING THAT BOTHERS ME.

THAT'S THE REASON YOU BIT HER, AND HOW YOU FOUND THAT PAGE IN THE GARMHOORE.

I KNOW. YOUR DEMON BLOOD. YOUR MIXED HERITAGE.

I WOULDN'T WORRY... IT... GAVE YOU CONFIDENCE IN HELL, AND I'M SURE IT'LL HELP YOU ON EARTH.

I SUPPOSE SO, DAD. BUT IT'S FUNNY. EVER SINCE I LEARNED WHAT I AM...

ALL I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT IS GOING INTO POLITICS.

ISN'T THAT THE STRANGEST THING?

end



RIGHT AGAIN. YOU AWAKE ME. I'LL RESTORE HER IMMEDIATELY. NOW--YOU MUST TELL ME HOW YOU MANAGED SUCH A FEAT OF GUESSWORK.

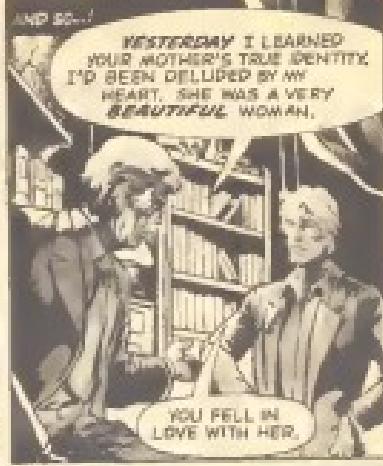


THEY WERE
ALIENATED, THEREFORE I
ELIMINATED THEM.



ON THE
CONTRARY,
YOU'VE DONE
QUITE WELL.

TAKE YOUR FATHER'S ARM! I'M RETURNING YOU BOTH. YOUR MOTHER STAYS WITH ME. WHENEVER YOU WANT HER, JUST CALL HER NAME, AND DON'T FORGET TO SPECIFY THE FORMA YOU WISH HER TO TAKE! HA HA HA!



THE LIGHT-SIDE BEHEMOTH FINALLY SET ME STRAIGHT. WHEN I FACED HER WITH THE TRUTH, SHE MOVED AGAINST ME OPENLY. DEMONS HATE TO BE THWARTED.



SHE CAUSED ME TO BE DEVOLVED INTO A PRIMITIVE ORDER OF PRIMATE. ALL I COULD REMEMBER WAS THAT I DESPISED HER... AND HER NAME.



I WOULDN'T WORRY... IT... GAVE YOU CONFIDENCE IN HELL, AND I'M SURE IT'LL HELP YOU ON EARTH.



end

STAR WARS

NEW!



IMPERIAL TROOP TRANSPORTER



THE MOST EXCITING NEW MODELS AVAILABLE

MILLENIUM FALCON

THE MILLIUM FALCON Han Solo's deadly freighter is reproduced in full by the *Star Wars* model kit line on it by its creator John Dykstra. This enormous 11" special has an Electronically detailed control room, removable laser turrets with full receiver areas, illuminated cockpit entrance, hinged entrance hatches and wings, removable landing gear, and a removable cockpit section. The Millium Falcon is a complete model kit. (We've handled Star Wars designs previously, "Star Wars" is a registered trademark and "Millium Falcon" is a trademark of Lucasfilm Ltd.)

NEW!



MILLENIUM FALCON

OPEN-UP MODEL

MILLENNIUM FALCON SHAPACRAFT This big, rectangular "open" model of Han's ship is a real stunner. It's a whopping 17" x 22" x 17" (about twice as long as the "TIE fighter" starship shown above). The Millennium Falcon is a detailed model with a cockpit with seats for Han Solo and Chewie. The side deck nicely accommodates Lando. This enormous model is a must for any Star Wars fan, regardless of age. *Han* (new car) \$100; *Lando* (new car) \$100; *Millennium Falcon* \$150.

STAR WARS

ELECTRONIC GAME COMPUTER AND RADIO CONTROLLED SAND CRAWLER

NEW!

STAR WARS ELECTRONIC ACTION BATTLE COMPUTER

STAR WARS ELECTRONIC BATTLE COMMAND An exciting new intergalactic electronic combat game which allows two to four players to compete against each other in the complex, fast-paced arena. Three player electronic game allows for any level of play from novice to expert. Features include: a variety of weapons, a variety of opponents, a variety of locations such as the lightning of Tatooine, being trapped in a black hole and having your home planet destroyed by the hidden vehicles of Hyperspace that can become you into other sectors of the universe! The hours of fun can be played against the computer or up to three other people. It's a game that families are a special educational inclusion!



NEW

RADIO CONTROLLED SAND CRAWLER



Jameson's *Monk* (1870-1871) is



1997 papers



Hawkins 1990 and other refs.



RADIO-CONTROLLED JAWAS CRAWLER - A precise working replica of the great land-like bird (soy) created by the mysterious Jawa used to navigate Tatooine's deserts and wastes. This 10" long locomotive on wheels is controlled by a two channel wireless radio that can operate as far away as 20 feet! The three working blade-blades will cut through most materials and even penetrate the hull of your X-wing or Millenium Falcon. The 10" tall engine unit has a slot for seven separate drivers. A 1/4" scale panel space to become a step up plate to the interior of the moving fortress with plenty of room inside. For the launching of any Star Wars action figures. On the outer carriage of the crawler is a master switch for lifting cables...model needs the Interact 1 or your own 12 volt power source. Dimensions: 10" long x 4" wide x 4" high. Weight: 1.5 lbs. Price: \$129.95. Order now and get a free 10% discount off all other Star Wars action figures. Order now and get a free 10% discount off all other Star Wars action figures.

To order any of these items, please see last page of this magazine for
READER SERVICE CARD.

2010年1月1日-2010年12月31日

To order any of these items, please see last page of this magazine for convenient **RUSH ORDER FORM**.

NEW! THE HULK



Amazons! Now he's...
The INCREDIBLE HULK, the man
in incredible shape! Together
they're a power to be reckoned
with...and a great gift for
any 4-12 year old! He comes
in a detailed plastic
playset that includes a
surprise! It's an
incredible level!

#21271/42 \$14.95

WALL CLIMBING SPIDER-MAN

SPIDER-MAN

SPIDER-MAN MODEL KIT This
21" tall man-in-suit together model
includes a wall climber, a
climbing rope, a cockpit, a
steering wheel, He's all the way
up to 12 inches with a sound
of Web-Slinging! He's just \$19.95!
#21270/42 \$19.95

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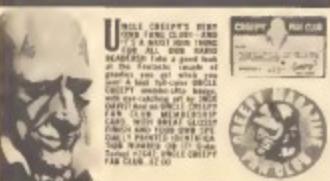
FROM JULES VERNE TO STAR TREK



SCIENCE FICTION FILMBOOK

A new update from the creators of *Star Trek* and a professor of science fiction! It's *From Jules Verne to Star Trek*, the most complete book ever written on the history of science fiction! It's packed with facts about the science fiction of the past...and the present...and the future! A reading guide from the first book to the last...and a complete history of science fiction from the 1800's to the 1970's! A basic library of science fiction...at last! Over 1,000 pages! Over 100 illustrations! A must for every collector! #21270/42 \$19.95

CREEPY FAN CLUB



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Star Trek
sleeping bag
It's the perfect way to get
the most out of your
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star crossed champion &
go anywhere bag will resemble
your favorite Star Trek hero
at half price! Only \$10 for months
without a night! Comes with drawing
sheet, a sleeping bag and
a complete set of Star Trek sheets!
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COLOR YOUR OWN DELUXE PREHISTORIC MONSTERS!

Color in the wild prehistoric
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a complete set of
coloring pencils and
a complete book of
coloring sheets! You'll need to create a
picnic masterpiece! #21269/1/2 \$10.95

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Compare this one has ant
shutter/costs much
more—and you'll find
that this projector is
much more compact! The
full size is 8" x 10"
and comes in a rugged
metal housing. Requires
one 120 volt 60 Hz 1000
watts. Easy threading!
Rapid motor rotation.
Vertical tilt device. Max
film frame: 8mm wide
up to 150' W length.
Easy to clean. Has a
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ENTERPRISE SPACE SHUTTLE!
An incredibly detailed model
kit of America's first reusable
spacecraft! It's 100% accurate
down to the last detail! 17" scale
with detailed cockpit,
extreme artwork, and
working cargo doors! #21242/1/2 \$10.95

STAR WARS ADVENTURE PAPERBACK

RAY ST. JAMES

HAN SOLO AT STAR'S END

MURKIN

CHASER

GANDALF
MOVIE
POSTER
Full, brilliant
color! This is the
painting used to
advertise the movie "Lord of
the Rings," below billowing cloud, Gandalf
casts a spell of
power in this 22"
x37" masterpiece
in crimson, golds
and blues!
#20016/\$25.00



POSTERS!

***A Lordly Collection
of the Best from
the Movie!***

FELLOWSHIP OF THE RING POSTER
 22" x 32" full color poster of the Fellowship that will end Middle-Earth of Samwise, Gandalf, Aragorn, Legolas, Boromir, Gimli and the Hobbits are clad in earthy colors. And Gollum crouches nearby!
 #20014/\$2.50



GOLLUM POSTER
22"x32" poster
featuring Gollum as he skulks
atop a log. In the
background, Frodo and Sam follow
his lead thru the Dead Marshes
on the way to the dread Minas
Mengul.
#29015/\$2.50

TERRY AND THE PIRATES



Games—the women with a past she's beautiful, elusive, scheming and charming. This slightly macabre lady is more than a match for Fatty, the pirates of the *Red Cellar* and the *Sao and the Hong Kong Pallid*. This superb \$1.5 million effort from Milos Forman's famous animator partner certainly strip-brings the original adventure—no prints yet—cover? #21218-68-68

So beautiful & so dreadful! The epidemic of the big deadly asthma attacks. She is not in sleep now - isn't it a difficult diagnosis. And Tami? Her blood pressure is extremely high - she has been in the country depths of war-torn China and there had her baby. A superb 11lb 9oz baby. Subscribers of the original newspaper reply by email Milton Carrington at Tami's 80th birthday: 012726/86556



THE PLANET MONDO Flash Gordon's intergalactic odyssey in Alex Raymond's original comic strip reprinted here in full color, handcolored format. Revisit these far-out adventures of America's original astronaut. Contains include "War in Danger", "The People of Zarkov", "Kingdom of the Fellow Men", "Conquest of the Kingdom", and "World of the Generals". \$29.95/78161



INTO THE WATER WORLD OF MONGO is volume 2 Flash transformed into one of Meng's Robinsons in an effort to save the world. Contents include "The World of the Caverns" and "The Underwater World". Read Flash's exciting adventures as drawn by the hand of master illustrator Alan Raymond. Hardcovet \$12.95. Format on high quality paper. Full color. 921178100.

FLASH GORDON

IS OUT OF THIS WORLD

FULL COLOR WARREN POSTERS!
GIANT SIZED PORTRAITS OF CREEPY! EERIE! VAMPIRELLA!



FULL COLOR AND FABRICATIONLY EROTIC
AS ONLY PINK FINGER CAN CREATE EX-
CITING TRAITS THIS INCREDIBLE FULL
COLOR 28 X 20" POSTER OF THE DRAMATIC
SHAGGY GIRL ON THE EMPIRE STATE FROM
THE COUPLE OF EASY PEI ALBRIGHT DAY
GLOW LETTERS HEAVILY LAYERED SAY THE TOP
QUALITY PAPER THE PRINTING IS PERFECT
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卷之三



19. *Leucosia* sp. (Diptera: Syrphidae) from the same area as the *Leucosia* sp. in Figure 18.



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A horizontal strip of a Japanese woodblock print, likely a landscape scene from a larger work. It features stylized pine trees, a winding path or riverbed, and distant mountain peaks under a clear sky.



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